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THE

FEAR of DEATH.

(Price Six-pence.)

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AN

ODE.

By the late DUKE of *WHARTON*.

Τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσον ἐξὶ κατθανεῖν.
Ἄλγει γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ἠσθημένος.

Euripid. in Troad.

LONDON:

Printed for and sold by JOHN BRETT, at the *Golden-Ball*, over-against St. *Clement*'s *Church*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXIX.

15761.67.

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
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THE

FEAR of DEATH.

SAY, ſov'raign Queen of awful Night,
Dread Tyrant ſay!
Why parting Throes this lab'ring Frame diſtend,
Why dire Convulſions rend,
And teeming Horrours wreck th' aſtoniſh'd Sight?
Why ſhrinks the trembling Soul,
Why with Amazement full
Pines at thy Rule, and ſickens at thy Sway?
Why low'rs the Thunder of thy Brow,
Why livid Angers glow,
Miſtaken Phantom, ſay?

Far hence exert thy awful Reign,
Where tutelary Shrines and ſolemn Buſts
Incloſe the hallow'd Duſt:
Where feeble Tapers ſhed a gloomy Ray,
And Statues Pity feign;
Where pale-eyed Griefs their waſting Vigils keep,
There Brood with ſullen State, and nod with downy Sleep.
Advance ye lurid Miniſters of Death!
And ſwell the Annals of her Reign:
Crack every Nerve, ſluice every Vein;
And choak the Avenues of Breath.
Freeze, freeze, ye Purple Tides!
Or ſcorch with leering Flames,
Where Nature flows in tepid Streams,
And Life's Mæanders glide.
Let keen Deſpair her icy Progreſs make,
And ſlacken'd Nerves their Taſk forſake;
Years damp the vital Fire.
Yawn all ye Horrours of the Flood;
And curl your ſwelling Surges higher.
Survey the Road!
Where deſolating Storms, and vengeful Fates,
The gawdy Scene deface;
Ambition in its wideſt Havock trace
Thro' widow'd Cities, and unpeopl'd States.

And is this all!
Are theſe the threaten'd Terrours of your Reign?
O Dream of fanc'd Power!
Quit, quit, th' afected ſhew,
This Pageantry of Grief and labour'd Pomp of Woe.
Draw the pleaſing Scene,
Where dreadful Thunders never rowl, nor giddy Tempeſts low'r.
Scenes delighting!
Peace inviting,
Paſſions ſooth'd, and Tumult dying;
Æra's rowling,
Fears controuling,
Always new, and always flying.
We dread we know not what, we fear we know not why,
Our cheated Fancy ſhrinks, nor ſees to die,
Is but to ſlumber into Immortality.
All-reconciling Name!
In Space unbounded as in Power;
Where Fancy Limits cannot frame;
Nor Reaſon launch beyond the Shore:
An equal State from all Diſtinction free,
Spread like the wide Expanſe of vaſt Immenſity.
Seditious Tumults there obey,
And Feuds their Zeal forget:
Debated Empires own one common Sway,

There learn'd Diſputes unite;
Nor crouded Volumes the long War maintain:
There rival Chiefs combine
To fill the gen'ral Chorus of her Reign.
So Streams from either Pole,
Thro' diff'rent Tracts their vat'ry Journeys rowl;
Then in the blending Ocean loſe their Name,
And with conſenting Waves and mingl'd Tides for ever flow the ſame.

FINIS.